ON

P—e and W—d.

Occaſion'd by their late

WRITINGS.

O Cives! Cives! quærenda Pæcunia primum eſt,
Virtus poſt Nummos---- Hor.

WITH

ADVICE

TO A

Modern POET.

——Cui lumen ademptum. Virg.

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ON

P—e and W—d.

Occaſion'd by their late

WRITINGS.

HOW greatly, by our modern Poets Rage,
Charm'd and inſtructed is our modern Age?
While, in their ſmooth and varniſh'd Lines, is ſeen
Nothing——but Partiality and Spleen!
Such are the Motives of thy mighty Mind,
Oh, mighty *P—e!* with Arrogance combin'd;

And

And *W——d*, with the Zeal of Gain inſpir'd,
(But Zeal of Juſtice in Pretenſion fir'd)
In courteous Satire, ſparing lofty F--ls,
Purſues with Ardour —— profitable Rules;
Rivals he more conveniently may hate,
But Int'reſt cries —— Beware the Rich, or Great!
Theſe ſtubborn Truth's hard Courſe avoid and dread,
Too hard by far —— for little Souls to tread;
They ſtrive the World, but more themſelves to pleaſe;
They court Applauſe, adoring Wealth and Eaſe:
Where is, oh *Juvenal!* Thy Force, or Senſe,
Or thy Integrity, or Eloquence?
Thy Art, Oh *Horace!* —— Which in ev'ry View,
Nature ſo rightly, and compleatly drew?
Thy lyrick Meaſures, like a vernal Breeze,
Serenely move with Gentleneſs and Eaſe;
But, harſh and ſtrong is thy ſatirick Strain,
Like Rocks rough-riſing o'er the ſtormy Main;
While of theſe nice Adventurers for Fame,
What e'er the Theme, the Manner is the ſame;
They Energy, like Truth, avoid —— profound
In ſpecious Show, and undulating Sound;
As Lovers 'Plaints, their Satires ſoftly move,
Melodiouſly they fill the vocal Grove;

Their

Their Wrath, however inveterate, never seems
Like Torrents Rage — but glides like purling Streams:
Well Suits indeed their Principles, their Strain;
So false! affected! impotent! And vain!
P——e does (exorbitantly fond of Fame)
Pour out the Vengeance of aspersing Blame;
Freedom and Reason are (with *W——d*) Foes,
The Rich, or Great, no Indecorum knows:

Thus are We (led by Prejudice and Pique)
For real moral Virtue far to seek;
Or, was its Acquisition easy —— None
Wou'd, what's so much unfashionable, own.

These modish Times, Oh how polite and wise!
How greatly form'd —— Instruction to despise!
What Miracles are now, by Fortune wrought!
The Poor have no Desert! —— the Rich, no Fault!
Our Poets first, thro' spleenful Discontent,
Not Love of Truth, satirick Meanings vent;
And afterward (observe the glorious End)
Recant those Meanings —— least they shou'd offend:
Yet Truth it self is call'd Abuse —— and Satire,
For rightly representing Things —— Ill-nature;

For Pride and Folly are ſo rampant grown,
We muſt not dare to make Them fairly known;
They muſt not have their hideous Forms reveal'd,
But muſt be (to be lov'd and priz'd) conceal'd.

ADVICE TO A Modern POET.

———*Cui lumen ademptum.* Virg.

WOUD'ST thou arrive at Wealth and high Repute,
And of thy Labours reap th' expected Fruit?
Slight and reject ſuperior Aid — and firſt,
Build on ill-grounded Confidence, thy Truſt;
Furniſh'd with ſolid Emptineſs at Home,
To foreign *Greece*, or *Rome*, forbear to roam;

For

For thy Direction, ſcorning to provide
A fair, and juſtly-celebrated Guide;
By fitter Means, to ſuit thy Purpoſe hope
From the renown'd Embeliſhments of *P---e*;
On ev'ry Subject, be profuſely fine;
In ev'ry melting and melodious Line,
With tinſel Language gaudily appear,
Aim not to move the Soul! But charm the Ear!
Let Form and Faſhion be thy Eloquence,
And undulating Sound, and Show —— thy Senſe;
If in thy Mind ſuch worthy Maxims rule,
Compar'd with Thee, great *Homer* was a F—l;
Thou ſhalt ſucceed, and Thee ſhall vaſtly prize
An Age, the moſt incorrigibly —— Wiſe.

ON

ON

Welsted's Motto,

TO HIS

Dulness and Scandal.

HAD *Pallas* had no better Advocate
Than Thee, Oh *Leonard!* To revenge his Fate?
Rutilia's *Prince* unvanquish'd had remain'd;
In *Latian* Realms, with his *Lavinia* reign'd;
Æneas had from *Italy* been driv'n,
Or fall'n a Victim to the Queen of Heav'n.

FINIS.